

THE LIFE OF THE DUTCHES OF SUFFOLKE.

As it hath beene divers and sundry
times acted, with good applause.



Imprinted by *A. M.* for *Jasper Emery*; at the
Flowerdeluce in Paules Church-
yard, 1631.

The Actors names.

Dutches of Suffolke.

Berty.

Cranwell. } *Her Servants.*

Fox.

Duke of Northumberland.

Earle of Erbaigh.

Count Palatine.

Earle of Arundel.

L. Hunsedon.

L. Admirall.

L. Clinton.

L. Paget.

Duke Brunswicke.

Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley.

Erasmus Roterodamus.

Bonner and Gardner.

Doctor Sands.

M. Goseling a Merchant.

M. Perecell a VValoone.

2. Captaines.

Clunie a Parator.

2. Tilers.

Constable.

Officers.

A Nurse.

A Post.

Messengers.

A Sexton.

Burgomasters.

Keeper.

Prisoners.

Countray People.

THE



THE DUTCHES OF SUFFOLKE.

Actus Primus.

Enter FOXE.

Fox. **K** Nights, Gentlemen, and Yeomen,
attend her Graces seruice; sheele abroad.

Enter Cranwell ushering the Dutches of Suffolke, a Gentlewoman bearing up her trayne, Bertie, and Gentlemen. *at the other doore Beggers.*

Cran. Be vncoverd Gentelmen.

Fox. Rome there, backe Beggers.

Dutch. Bertie, deale mine Almes.

Ber. Pray for the Dutches, friends.

Beg. Heavens preferue your Grace.

Exeunt Beg.

Enter one with a Letter, delivers it kneeling.

Dut. What saiest thou? from my King? I kisse his lines,
As humbly as my infant penitence,
When due correction threatned mine offence: *She reads*
I may intreat the *Palatine* with grace, *and smiles,*
All curtesie and favours, for my Soveraignes sake,

The Dutches of Suffolke.

I will present him with smooth countenance,
But for the poynt heere touching Marriage,
Beseech my Prince of pardon, since, as yet,
My Widdowes teares are scarce wipt from my cheek,
Touching the businesse, bounte Sir Roger Willowbie,
My deere neere kinsman, he not returne
You empty handed backe, but send
His highnesse Parram Lordship to dispose,
And thanke his gracious providence for him.
Returne my salutations on my knee,
And say my whole possessions are all his,
Berty reward his paines, On;
Stay, and know the reason of that guard,
How? give mine eyes the fulnesse of their wish,
Skreene not my Ioyes, I pray stand all aside,
My Golsip Gardner led vnto the Tower,
Tis pittie, nay man leaue your curtesie,
My passion has no teares to answer you,
Truth now I hope hath got a holliday,
The tyrant Wolfe in hould, the Lambes may play,
Forward to Suffex house in Barnisby street:
More objects yet of comfort? what is he?

*Enter Gardner to
the Tower
guarded.*

Exit Gardner.

Enter Bonner guarded to prison.

Fox. Bonner commanded to the Martiallie.

Dut. Fagots will then grow cheape, they say, my Lord,
That you haue bought vp all our fire-wood,
To send vs in a shining flame to heauen,
But Bertie, see how leane has study made him,
And his care with sweating in repress of errors,
An Ell will hardly girdle his leane waist,
Sands, He deser. your welcome yet from Cambridge,
To shew you heere a president of zeale.

*Enter
Sands.*

Bonn. Madam hie comes liue not with charity,
My conscience is content to beare this crosse. (beare it,

Dutch. And mine as well content that thou should'st
think'st thou I will disburthen thy content,

Good

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Good man thou art deceiv'd, my charity
Shuts vp the doores against thy misery,
I tell thee, all my sorrowes are dried vp,
With this sweete breath of comfort, to see thee,
Infranchise truth by thy captivity.

Bonn. Time flatters you awhile, heaven has a power,
Can change the White to Sable in an houre,
My welthier thoughts, yet tell me I shall live,
these scornes to quittance, your free heart to greene,
For time is rich in ransome, she may rayse, *Exit with*
the scorn'd and captiv'd *Bonner*, ware those dayes. *gard.*

Dutch. If Englands sinne deserues that curse againe,
Doubtlesse my life the truth should still maintaine.

Sand. The grace of heaven make strong that your resolute.

Dutch. Tut *Sands*, I am no novice to beare off
The gulty shooke of danger, heere is prooffe,
Hath bid the Cannon of rough threatening grieffe,
The deaths of one deere Husband, and two Sonnes,
(Regenerate in the fame of their deserts.)
Haue made a violent shot against this brest,
But by the manly courage of that ioy,
Is knit vnto my spirits, to behold
The exild truth, now sojourning with time,
The rage of their repugnancie recoyles,
And I am Mistris of a Virgin heart.

Bert. With pardon gracious Madam,
Could *Berties* rude perswasion please your eares,
I wish it cloth'd with Hymens royalties:
A husband, like an *Ammell*, would enrich
Your golden vertues.

Dutch. How Men can praise themselves.
Mariage is good, but wheres the husband good?
A loving husband, *Bertie*, true in touch
May sweare, so they wilbe, few proue such.

Bert. Durst my opinion venture, but to speake him,
I could commend that merit to your heart,
As I presume, your fancie would imbrace.

Dutch.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Dutch. Void all the Chamber, *Bertie*, but your selfe,
The husband now, come man, feare not to speake, *Exeunt*
You haue absolution, ere you doe begin, *Servants.*
The husband can report his true deserts. *She sits.*

Bert. As much as observations greedy eye,
Could well retayne, keepes warme vpon my tongue,
Which to your noblest consideration was in honors
And from her suckt his Nutriment of life, (wombe,
His spirit like an ensigne doth display
The worthinesse of his heroicke birth,
His more concealed vertues varnish that,
To make his Comet (merit,) wondred at,
Nature in moulding of his lyeaments,
Has sham'd the cunning workmanship of Arte,
That he is Madam, as your wish would make,
The richer in desert for your worthes sake.

Dutch. You haue describ'd the substance of a man,
Such as might ravish the most chasteft thoughts,
Virginity could sinne in wish of him,
For but on my deceased *Brandons* breath,
Did never waite such rich perfections,
In them I shall but re-espouse mine owne,
Marry one Husband twice, embrace the dead,
Hug in mine armes a Suffolke buried.

Bert. If honorable Loue liue in a man,
It guides the vertues of the *Palatine*.

Dutch. The *Palatine*? has he your wishes voyce.

Bert. Could it assure him of your fancies choyce.

Dutch. His stately honors are vnmatcht for mine.

Berty. His greatnesse reflects beames into your shine.

Dutch. That greatnesse claymes a duty from my heart.

Bert. No more then his loue offers your desert.

Dutch. Your humble eyes see's merit, his will not,
Our weaker worthes in Marriage are forgot.

Bert. Nay rather Madam Wedlock doth inroule,
The speciall essence of your rare deserts,

Remem-

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Remembring your perfections.

Dutch. I, they could live in your humility,
And my affections best afford them thee,
Whilst thy sweete tongue solicites for thy friend,
Into thy bosome all my thoughts I send.

aside

Enter

Cranwell what newes.

Cranwell.

Cran. The County *Palatine*, now king of Poland.

Dutch. King of Poland?

Bert. Madam survey your thoughts,
Master your feares, and crowne your happinesse,

Dutch. King of Poland?

Bert. You Queene my hopes would see.

Dutch. Queene of my rich desires in marrying thee,
What of this king of Poland?

Cran. He staies your graces leisure,
Accompanied with the Earle of Arundell.

*Enter the Palatine being King of Poland,
and Arundell.*

Dutch. Intreat their presence,
Welcome royall Prince,
My noble Lord.

Palat. Madam, my latest service comes to bring
An old affection from a new made king.

Dutch. My Pristine gratulations thus accept
The humble proffer of your soueraigne heart:
But let me tell you, my thrice gracious Lord,
You deale not Kingly, by advantag'd meanes
To set vpon my infancy of Loue,
To ambush lay it by intelligence:
You know my meaning, theres a privie theefe
I know you set to pillage my affections,
He durst not else haue broke my secrets vp.
His travell has not loytered in your sute,
Nor will I be vngratefull to his paines.

B

Enter.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Enter Fox.

The Duke *Northumberland*, with the Earle of *Erbaigh*,
Desire to haue access vnto your grace. (them in.)

Dutch. More sutors? well, they are all welcome; vsher

Enter Northumberland, and Erbaigh.

North. Health and faire fortune
Waite on Suffolks *Dutches*.

Dutch. Your wishes returne their vertues on your selfe.

North. The king salutes you in my vassall breath,
And bad me tell you, he receiued your gift
With thankfull welcome, and bestowed the same
(Pecc'd out with honor, from his noble bounty)
Vpon your cosen Sir *Roger Willowby*,
Creating him Lord *Willowby* of *Parram*,
To build remembrance of your gracious gift:
Further he praies you to intreat this Prince,
The Earle of *Erbaigh* with faire curtesie.

Erba. Madam, the loue of your perfections
Hath call'd me hither, and of them I craue,
A welcome to my loyalty of heart.

Dutch. I wish fir, my perfections of that wealth
To rate so high a merit as yours is:
But Princes, leaue this cheapning of my loue,
It is a bad thing decre.
Shall I beseech of you my Lord of Poland, and the rest,
Princes or whosoever tenders me
The humble service of his noble heart
As to digest my choyce with patience:
Amongst you I will choose, and at this time
And in his like interre my vviddowhood,
Amongst a throng of merits one but enters,
One wins the Goale still, though a thousand venters,
This man must but possesse me, let the voyce

Of

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Of my affections, please all with her choyce.

Arum. Pleas'd or displeas'd, you vvomen choose your li-
And reason you should haue it, or als one (king,
Youle take a fall to haue it; fancies force
Makes honest plainnesse often speed the worse,
Choose Madam choose, and please thine owne content.

Berty. The king of Poland Madam.

Dutch. How this fellow
Wakes my remembrance for the king of Poland,
As though my fancy hung vpon his tongue,
I never shot a blunted arrow forth,
Nor shall my choyce recoyle vpon his worth,
Whom Ile call mine; come worst of fate,
Berty I choose thy selfe my marriage mate,
Vpon this low foundation I erect
The Pallace of mine honors, on this knee
I place the head of mine authority;
Let hand from hand exchange their offices,
Whats mine is thine, thine mine, seal'd with this kisse.

Arum. How madcap Dutches; what and ioyne lips to?
What ere we thought, I see it is a match.

Dutch. You see blindfancies follie in my choyce,
His worth preuailes, nor will I change my voyce.

Berty. By the deere loyalty my thoughts doe owe
To this vnmeasur'd grace you heape on me,
And by the vertue of a Christian faith,
The relish of this blessing is so strong,
That when I leaue to loue, I liue too long.

Dutch. Princes, let your displeasure-chide his merit,
Which stole my loue your honors would inherit.

Palat. My fury thus bursts forth, to wish increase
Of your spouse vertues in your liues sweete peace.

Erba. My hatred dies not so, but I would see
Your merits liue in your posteritie.

Dutch. Wheréat frowne you sir?

Fox. I hope it is no breach of duty, to conceale
Our close affections, they are priuiledg'd,

The Dutches of Suffolke.

And I will keepe them so, you haue my seruice;
If it may pleasure, so; if not, I care not:
He mourne mine owne sinnes,
Take your Cloke and spare not.

Dutch. If you be tired with the wearing it,
Good speed you, He not breake you backe with care.

Fox. You haue my heart, whil'st I an honest asse,
(For so I count all men of patience,)
Haue laden it with whole loades of businesse,
With iaunting on your errands, drudgt at home,
With so strong diligence, that sleepe could scarce
Approch my eye-lids for a fennights space:
The honor of your Celler liues in me,
You scarce command a throat can gulpe a health,
You thinke I flatter, take good fellowes words,
And him whole merit claymes preheminance,
By their opinion, deale your recompence.

Bert. If you meane me, I will not canvase
With you for the voyce of quaint opinion;
Youle waye downe the scales,
Her honorable loue, the gift of fate,
Not due of merrit, doth advance my state.

Fox. Why sir, might she not bestow her loue on me?

Bert. She might.

Fox. She might, more foole she did not, but al's one
All friends now, heeres my hand, my spleenes downe.

Bert. In this imbrace I send a generall loue,
To all my fellow seruitors:
I know some lowres vpon my happinesse,
How vnderferued, let my offices
Of loue to you, and duty to her grace,
In their impartiall verdit render vp.

Cras. O, take my answere as the generall voyce,
For from my mouth breathes their opinions:
She lessens not her honours in your choyce,
But makes you Lord of her affections,
And them we serue not, but her royalties,

Which

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Which, as they are not lessened, why should we
Shrinke from their seruice; whom her loue doth honor,
May challenge from vs speciall reverence,
And so shall you, as homage for that loue,
Whose soverainty commands our seruices.

North. Consent I see is liberall to this match,
And offers franckly my applauding heart,
Wishing of heauen to smile vpon your loues,
That from them may grow vp such gallant spirits
As may renowne this land with honor'd merits. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bonner, and Gardner.

Bonn. Good morrow to my Lord of Winchester;
How doe you like our ayre i'th Marshalseas,
From that ith Tower? vwelcome toot my Lord.

Gard. Oh I thanke your loue,
But had we once our liberties,
We would set night vpon these morning skies.

Bon. Oh that that houre were come, the king once dead.

Gard. Whats that my Lord of London?

Bon. I, pray man, pray, that heaven would take
Our good king *Edward* to yon happy land,
Hee's sicke, hee's sicke, heaven take the infant child:
For this crack'd world his vertues are too milde:
Is not this charitable, what sayst thou man?

Gard. But is the king sicke?

Bon. And princes *Mary* vvell,
Oh how I long to heare his passing bell,
Soft who comes hère,

Enter Clunie.

Clu. Health to my honour'd Lords.

Gard. That were, thou meanest.

(Queene.

Clu. That are, I bring your Lordships from our anointed

Bon. Queene? is *Edward* dead?

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Clu. King *Edward*, of that name the sixt, is dead, and

Bon. Who, who I beseech thee, guides the state?

Clu. She that repeales you to your former seats,
Royall Queene *Mary*.

Gard. See.

Bon. Good hold my backe, this suddaine blast of comfort
Blowes me vp, where is my rivall *Ridley* and the rest,
They now shall fire for this.

Clu. Sent downe to *Oxford*.

Gard. Thence they shall not stirre,
Till fire consume them, if I be *Winchester*.

Clu. By me her highnesse greetes you with that sea,
Adding vnto it, high Chancellor of England.

Bon. An office good my Lord may coyne revenge
With Iustice stampe to pay our enemies.

Clu. My Lord of London, thats your title now,
Restor'd vnto it with her graces favor.

Bon. And if affection lenifie my duty,
Let me resp^t & lesse die without her favor. *Exit Clunie.*

Enter Lord Paget.

Paget. Where be the Lords of *Winchester* & *London*?

Bon. The good Lord *Paget*, welcome, pray, what newes sir?

Paget. Her highnesse giues vs ioynt commission
By vertue of this Patent to peruse,
And cense the state of impious sectaries,
Wherewith it was infected in the dayes
Of her deceased brother *Edwards* raigne,

Bon. Without affection of affinity.

Paget. Of any, not her sister is except.

Bon. Then let our Suffolkes Dowager expect
Answer for her scorn'd taunts, she threw on me of late
That hot spirit, fire and flax, Madam fagot stick,
If she recant not I will fagot her,
If all the wood in *Middlesex* can doo,
Or *Londons* Bishopricke haue meanes to pay fort

Ne

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Ile not niggard her bones and I doe, arayne my charity.

Page. I haue already sent Proceffe for her husband,
Forthby Cluine.

Enter Bertie and Clunie.

Bon. My man, a trustie fellow
Worthy imployment in the Lollards tower,
But heere comes *Bertie*, welcome honest *Clunie*
It was well done, an honest knaue, Ile gratifie thy loue
As I will quittance such malignant hates.

Ber. As whose, ant please your Lordship.

Bon. A vengeance flatter you,
Your curteous care, weares daggers in your heart.

Ber. My care, my Lord, is servant to my heart.

Bon. They serue indeed to guide the envious heart.

Gard. Sure I thinke *Bertie* be an honest man,
Religious was his education,
With our deceased Chancelor whom he served,
If since his Lady haue not wean'd him from it.

Ber. Your honor still shall finde me the same man.

Bon. In substance, but how in Religion?

Ber. As then a member of the selfe same Church.

Bon. My good Lady your Wife sir, shes not so.

Ber. I doe beseech your Lordships to suspend
And smother your opinions till a triall
Blow vpr the embers to an open flame,
Then censure as you finde, and giue's your doome.

Gard. It we but finde her answers halfe so calme.

Bon. Yes as thunder, she calme? as a baited Beare,
I will oppose my disputation,
Against a Colledge of best discipline,
Rather then with her braines, she sticks her in its
Like poysoned arrowes, in our tender spleenes:
Thinking the sanctuary of her high birth
To priuledge her fond presumption,

Ber. My credit sir be pawnd.

Bon.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Bon. Your credit tut tut, she hangs vpon the mercy of the
But it will cast off her opinion. (Queene,

Bert. Should she be cold, my Lords, or set a frowne
Vpon the alteration of her faith,
Your Lordships know the somes of money due,
From *Charles* the Emperour to her in the right,
Of her departed husband, *Suffolkes Duke*,
Which if your honorable licence would
Assigne me a free passage to those parts
To gather vp your vnexpected loue,
Would heate her good opinion with the zeale.
Where now the strangenes makes her somewhat stagger.

Bon. Let him goe my Lords, you shal go speed him hence
The way is broader vnto our reuenge,
Which I haue sworne to take vpon that Dame,
Whose scornfull taunts did so depraue my fame.
What saies my good Chancelor to this sute.

Gard. You haue free passage *Bertie*, when you please.

Ber. To scape your envies, if we crosse the seas. *Exit*

Bon. Follow him *Claine* and when thou thinkest, *Ber.*
The solempne farewell of diuorced lips,
Hath part this husband from his honor'd wife,
With some especiall servants of the Queene
Enter the *Dutches* house in Barbican,
Take a true inventory of all her goods,
Discharge her household, saue a man or two.
One Woman, and the Nurse that suckles her Child,
And say you haue commandement from the Queene
To stay there till her highnesse further pleasure,
That she shall walke the hie-way to the Tower,
Be gon, performe thine Office carefully,
And I will pay thy paines as liberally.

Clu. I goe my Lord, but doe you heare the newes?
How Docter *Sands* is scapt from the kings bench, and fled.

Gard. Send forth our warrants into every Coast.

Bon. Towards Kent, towards Kent, post *Claine*, run vil-
How stairst thou? packe,

(Claine
Liue

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Liue in my bosome if thou bring him backe,
This *Sands* is Chaplaine to yon scornefull Dutches,
And he has tayne this lesson from her braynes,
That house of flie deuises, shees all wit,
Nor shall I sleepe vntill I ruine it. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Bertie and Dutches.

Bertie. Madam, my promise of your penitence,
Wayed with the puissance of your high birth,
Wherein you are alied vnto the Queene,
Calmed the rough Menace of stout *Gardner*,
And set a reverence on sterne *Bonnors* tongue,
Humbly to wish your reformation.

Dutch. The Queene is neere and deere vnto my blood,
In the remembrance of our mothers loues,
Which chargeth greater sorrow at my heart,
Then the huge shocke of their malignant threats;
My soule hath lodg'd the Trueth, it shall not thence,
Whil'st this weake flesh displayes her ayrie sence.

Ber. But Madam, let your wisdom shut her vp,
Commit her not vnto your state to guard,
But humble your hie spirit, sleike your speech,
That envy may not stumble at mistrust,
Or find a rub to start suspicion:
Weare a smoth brow in presence of your foes,
Be shaken with their threats, retreat your spirit,
Till they insult vpon your patience:
The Conquest won in your submission,
They flake the eager pursute of revenge,
To giue you time to purvey for your scape;
You know my leaue of passage ore the seas,

C

And

The Dutches of Suffolke.

And with what cunning I haue color'd it,
To free my conscience from the gaile of feare.

Dutch. But still leaue mine vpon the rocke of care.

Ber. I goe to seeke releasement of that care,
Freely to spread the ensigne of your Faith:
A simple, rusticke home of liberty,
Is worth your honors in captivity.

Dutch. It is, it is, and would besit our hues,
To weare them out in contemplation:
There should we read, vpon the naked walls,
The first creation of our wretchednesse;
There no intruding objects of gaie clothes,
Imbrodered hangings, or rich tapistrie,
Shall wound the seruice which we owe to heaven.
Oh M. Bertie, there my wish would be;
Change honor'd woe for poore felicity.

Ber. Ile lay a Barke at Leigh shall stay for you,
To be transported to me at Midelborow.

Dutch. But who conducts me to that Barke at Leigh?
Feare is a trusty guide, it is, it is,
Shee that knowes no way, that way will not misse,
I prethee goe, my Conscience to set free,
My tender feet shall learne to follow thee.

Ber. I goe.

Dutch. Yet stay, nay goe, alas which way?
And must we part?

Ber. We must,
My bodies heere, thou hast my heart along with thee
Make much of prethee, till we meete againe,
My body and my soule you both retayne.

Dutch. Slip not my duty, I beseech your loue,
To her for whom my sorrowes shed more teares,
Then is my wounded Conscience charg'd with feares.

Ber. Patience, good Madam.

Dutch. Palsion Master Bertie,
My spleene is wounded with compassionate pittie,
I could drop out my Liver, rob my life

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Of her deere essence, with immoderate sighes,
For that sweete Princes, wrong'd *Eliz. beib.*
Now in the gripe of their pernicious hate,
A guard of Angels ring her life about,
From the malitious practise of her foes;
Rebate their furies, crosse their treacherous wayes,
Let truth in her outline these bloody dayes.

Ber. Amen, amen, what shall I deliver to her from your

Dutch. A comfortable salutation grace?

To that heart sorrowing Lady, which my prayer
From heaven has carried to her heart before.

Ber. Will you ought else? (two,

Dutch. A kind embrace from you, exchange a teare, or
And so farewell. *Kisse.*

Ber. Oh this doth clog me more, waies downe my speed
Should beare our fortunes to a soft repose,
Not daring heere to peepe out of our thoughts,
Without the danger of the Vulters gripe,
Whose watching eyes of inquisition
Steales covertly vpon our purposes,
And yet you lag me with your load of greefes.
I could toss woe for woe vntill to morrow,
But then weede wake the wolfe with bleating sorrow.
With what vnwillingnesse I part from you
Let that and these receiue'd. *Kisse.*

Adew, adew.

Exeunt severally Weeping.

Enter Cranwell —

Cranwell meeteth her.

Cran Madam.

Dut. Now *Cranwell*, what would'st thou? thy *M.* gone.

Cran. I am glad he stayed no', to peece out our mone.

Du. What heavy thought straines moisture fiō thy heart?

Cran. To see your greatnesse strucke with enuies dart.
Her highnesse servants haue attacht your goods,
Discharging all your household officers.

Du. What remedy? this was my expectation: I was arm'd

The Dutches of Suffolke.

With compleat resolution, to abide
The rigorous wrastle of this streame-borne tyde.
Faintst thou at this? then thou wouldst swoune to see
My honourd state changed to ragg'd misery.

Cran. I will not line to see that.

Dutch. Then thy loue is tried:
I thought it wou'd haue lackied by my side.

Cran. How meane you Madam?
When it tires in service of your Grace,
May I ne're more haue being on the earth,
Were you to passe th'extreamest of all woe,
Might I be worthy, I would share with you.

Dutch. Vpon thy trust, then I repose my life,
Provide me 'gainst this even a Citizens Gowne,
Ath meanest fashion, like my present fortunes:
This night Ile hazzard to escape from hence,
Putting my feares into the hand of fate,
To trample on or readvance my state,
Wilt thou about it?

Cran. With a winged speed:
To cure your sorrowes this manly heart shall bleed.

Exit Cran.

Enter Fox, and Clunie.

Fox. Madam this world is changed.

Dutch. Change thou with it.

Fox. Change, and I did it were no heresie:
These humors grapple with my honesty,
But they are franticke fits, I let them passe.

Dutch. Sir what are you?

Clu. My name is *Clunie*, and now your graces keeper.

Dutch. I heare you haue discharged my houshold Ser-

Clu. It is her highnesse pleasure. vants.

Dut. Or *Bonnors* hate, but I accept it with a thankfulness.

Clu. All are not yet discharged, but your choice
May call two men, a vvoman, and a Nurse.

Dut.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Dutch: Nay, *Cranwell* is all I vwill beseech of you.

Fox. Why *Cranwell*, more then *Fox*?

Dutch: Because more staide, with him,
Because of most continuance,
And longest vvearing in my seruices.

Fox: What meane you by this vvearing? I am sure,
My vvits are vvorne as thinne as a Paper-leave:
But tis the fairest end of Serving-men,
When vve haue spent the pleasure of our youth,
Ene sweate it out vvith painefull industry,
To haue such itching slaues to eate vs out,
Doe you so light respect me? I as light
Will make of you, and it come vvithin my power.

Dutch: Farwell, pull downe thy stubborneesse of spirit:
There brea hes no seruant of more honesty:
Wilt please your kindnesse, keeper, vs her me,
To teach my steps to vs her misery.

Exeunt Dutches and Clunie.

Fox: Now *Thomas*?

What vwill you doe now, *Thomas*?

Your Mistres has discharged you, and your coate, *Thomas*,
Which was as deere to you, as your skin, *Thomas*,

It is puld over your eares, what remedy:

Has *Fox* nere a hole to hide's head in these extremities

Now I remember my Cozen *Raynauld* liues not far hence,

To him Ile make repayre, and feede on countrey poultre

For a while, till I can cry Vindicta on this Dutches.

Well vvhat Ile doe my thoughts not yet aprooue,

Fox will prooue true to trust, not false to loue,

Exit.

A cry within follow, follow.

*Enter Hughe Tiler, and Ienkin going to worke
With a tray of Tiles and a Ladder.*

Til. *Ienkin* vvhere art thou, harke what a kenell of hounds
Giues vs our welcome into kent, set vp, come & to this gate

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Stamp the frost out of thy feete into the mortar for me,
He catch me a heate or He beate it out at h stones.

Beats his fingers against his sides.

Ien. A good fire would doe better with the fingers ends.

Tiler. But a pot of Ale and a toft would doe best of all
With a cold stomack, over goe to the Cocke
And see if he came a th kind, if his ale will
Make a man crow, wee leane our implements heere
They will not runne away, and heeres no great eroud
Of People ith towne, but if they be stolne, we may find 'em
Come *Ienken*, nimbly and stay by't. *Exeunt.*

A cry within follow, follow.

Enter Sands, looking about.

Sands. Whither now wilt thou dispose thy selfe
From the enraged pursuite of this search
That with their fresh breathings haue oft tired thee,
After so many hazards, whence my care
Has sweat in water to redeeme my feare,
Must I at last be forc't to yeild and die
Oh griefe, but who can slip his destenie
They come and I am tired,
Thankes heaven I haue found a meanes
I hope to shelter me in these extreames.

*Finds the
Tilers things.*

Goeth up the Ladder and Workes.

Enter Clunie, with many Officers.

Clunie. Follow, pursue with swiftnesse and hees ours,
Soft heeres a Tiler, wee le enquire of him *Sands sings*
Which way he tooke, sirra you Tiler ho
Durt dauber with a vengeance answer me,
Leaue singing of your pecke verse, Rogue your best
Lest it prooue so indeed, youle answer?

Tiler

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Tiler hoe.

Shakes the Ladder.

Sands. Say you sir, say you.

Clunie. Say you Goodman rascall?
Saw you not a man passe this way
With a speedy course but now.

Sands. He crost downe that way.

Clunie. How the devill did we misse him?
Tir'd I hold my life, and tayne some barne,
Or privy shead; come lets backe, search every nooke,
Rasacke the bushes, in each corner looke. *Exeunt.*

Sands. How strong my spirit is to call them backe,
Arm'd with the steeled prooffe of innocence,
That can rebate the edge of tyranny,
Invulnerable innocence she would goe,
But yet this flesh is frayle and full of feares
To keepe the soule from yon Celestiall spheares,
Thy will be done my maker, whose great hand
Hath now my life from scorching malice fann'd. *Exit.*

Jenkes. Come away Hugh ti tiler,
Now we haue lin'd our backs,
And warmd our bellies,
Lets doe our dayes worke in an houre
And drinke our selues drunke all the day after.

Til. Whope, why the Cocke ale has spurd thee already.

Jen. Thou art a Coxcombe to say so, I will run vp, and
Come downe my Ladder as nimble as a Squerrill.

Tiler. For going vp I know not, but thou'rt come downe
With thy head forward.

Jen. Why then that's a tricke more then ever thou sawest
in thy life, oh in my ale I can doe any thing, tumble like an
Eliphant.

Enter Clunie, and Officers.

Clunie. Now where's this Tiler.

Jenkin. At hand quoth pickepurse,
Ha you any worke for a tiler.

Clunie.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Clu. Not so much worke fir as you haue made for the
And which way crost the man? searcher.

Ien. Should there not be two hundred of flates, saist thou?

Clu. Answer me hobbihorse,
Which way crost he you saw enow?

Ien. Who doe you speake to fir,
We haue forgot the hobbihorse.

Tiler. Yes truely fir,
Looke well amongst your selues for him. (saw.

Clu. The man, the man firra Saunders, that you said you

Ien. That I saw said you, all that I saw was a ruffet
Gentleman with a tosted Cullizance, and hee went downe
Gutter-lane I assure you. (see him.

Clu. That's as true as *Sands* crost this way, and wee not

Tiler. Did he crosse this way and you not see him, the
more blind buzzard you.

Clu. You told vs firra enow, he went this way.

Ien. Who I, then I told you a lye, for I was then sipping
my morning draught.

Clu. Say fellowes did not he direct vs thither.

Ien. I, who I? *Ienken* the *Tiler*.

Watch. I you.

Ien. Blesse my flating, is the devill amongst you, that you
fall so fast a lying, if I saw any of you before would every
flate I haue vvere in your bellies, vwhy doe you not know
Ienken the *Tiler*.

Tiler. Nor hugh the good Dutches of Suffolkes man.

Clu. The Dutches man, an Hereticke.

Ien. Nay nay, thats most certaine, whats an Erewig fir,
a good fellow I hope.

Clu. You shall haue that defend,
When you come before my Lord.

Tiler. Oh by no meanes,
He spits nothing bnt fire and fagot-sticks.

Ien. No matter, I haue ale enough in my belly to
Quench vm.

Clu. So guard them safe, these villaines haue conveid

That

The Dutches of Suffolke.

That traytor Sands their fellow, hence.

Jenk. Not I, I defie you, I renounce and confound you.

Clu. Dam vp the brickbats mouth, convey them hence,
Tis they shall pay the price of Sands offence.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Dutches like a Citizens Wife
With Cranwell.*

Dutch. Cranwell.

Cranw. Madam.

Dutch. Speake softly, where is Nurse, speake softly pre-
thee Lord, why loyters she, but call her not : soft, soft, what
creaking shooes hast thou got *Cranw.* to betray our feares,
put off them traytors.

Cranw. Madam.

Dutch. Thou speakest too loud.

Cran. Neither my tongue, nor shooes, can reach an eare.

Dutch. Yes *Cranwell* but they doe of iealous feare.

My life is on the hazard of this game
And I mistrust each step will cheate the same.

Cran. O that the poyson of this feare were once removed.

Dutch. We should not then halt heere
The poyson hath the treason of my foes,
I wish but patience to abide their blowes,
But who comes heere, *Nurse*, with a candle light
Tis darkenesse woman must guide out our feere,

Enter Nurse with a Candle.

Clunie alone.

Clu. What light is that there ho?

Dutch. *Nurse* what hast thou done?
Disperse away, to Lyon key begon.

Clu. What ho, will none speake there, awake the guard.

Dut. What stay you for, for heavens sake will you goe,
Good *Cranwell*, sweet *Nurse*, linger not my woe.

Cran. How will you find that way you yet nere went?

D

Dutch

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Dutch. Ile trust in him that guides the Innocent,
Giue me my Child, & Mantle, now heavens pleasure: *Exe.*
Frewell, come life or death, Ile hug my treasure, *Cranwell*
Nay chide not pretty babe, our enemies come *and Nurse.*
Thy crying will pronounce thy mothers dome.

Clunie within.

Clu. Shees gone, shes gone.

Dutch. Not far, but be thou still
This gate may shade vs from their envious will. *Exit.*

Enter Clunie and Garde.

Clu. Gone, gone, pursue her or we are vndone.

Exeunt with Garde.

Enter Dutches.

Dutch Oh feare what art thou! lend me wings to flie,
Direct me in this plunge of misery,
Nature has taught the Child obedience,
Thou hast bin humble to thy mothers wish,
Oh let me kisse these dutious lips of thine,
That would not kill thy mother with a cry,
Now forward whither heaven directs, for I
Can guide no better then thine infancy,
Heere are two Pilgrims bound to Lyon-key,
And neither knowes one footstep of the way,
Returne you, then tis time to shift me hence. *Exit.*

Enter Clunie with Guards.

Clu. Search euery corner, heere, behind this gate
Her mantle, oh the lucke, had we but staid
To search this nooke, when fury bore vs hence
With violence to overtake her course,
We had prevented her intended scape
But what heaven would not, could nor, tis decreed,
Her innocent life, should not by envy bleed:
But heere we stint not, to pursue her flight,
I know twill boyle vp *Bonnors* rancorous spight. *Exeunt.*
Enter

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Enter Dutches.

Dutch. Thus far, but Heaven knowes where wee haue
The eager pursuite of our enemies, (escapt
Having for guidance my attentive feare,
Still I looke backe, still starte my tyred feet,
Which never till now measur'd London street,
My honors scornd that custome, they would ride,
Now forc't to walke, more weary paine to bide:
Thou shalt not doe so child, Ile carry thee
In sorrowes armes to welcome misery,
Custome must Steele thy youth with pinching want,
That thy great birth, in age may beare with scant,
Sleep peaceable sweete ducky, and make no noise
Me thinkes each step is deaths aresting voice,
We shall meete *Nurse* anon, a dog will come
To please my quiet infant, when, *Nurse*, when?

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Who's that calls *Nurse*?

Dutch. Aye me I am oreheard.

She hides herselfe.

Enter Cranwell.

Nurse. Master *Cranwell*.

Cranw. Who goes there? *Nurse*?

Dutch. *Cranwell*.

Cranw. Madam.

Nurse. My sweete Lady.

Dutch. Whist honest *Nurse*? how strangely are we met?

Cranw. It is the place where you appointed vs.

Dutch. Then heaven is gracious to my ignorance,
For had this night worne on the pride of day,
By I it could not haue found out the way.

Nurse. Are you not weary Madam?

Dutch. Admit I be, let patience ease all, theres no remedy:

Within cry. For Grauesend hoe.

Dutch. Whats that, he frighted me.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Cranw. They call for their passengers to Graues-end.

Dut. Passe we our feares with them, there staies at Lee
A Barke that will redeeme our liberty,
If you dare venture, with my fortunes goe,
A tide of Ioy, may turne this streame of Woe.

Cranw. How you resolute of me, I know not, try,
And when I shrinke, brand me with infamy.

Dut. In heavens name, on then, fellowes all in sorrow,
When we stand need, weele mutuall comfort borrow.

Exeunt.

*Enter Bonner, Gardner, Clunie, Jenkin
and Tiler, guarded.*

Bon. My Lord sit downe, stand foorth thou Ipocret.

Jen. I never drunke Ipocrasse in my life sir,
Twas strong Ale that I am guilty of.

Bon. Clunie giue evidence against this wretch,
Hath set his hand to helpe a traytor hence.

Jen. Indeed my Lord I am no Traytor, I am a Tilor,
Clunie tells your Lordship a fable, we saw no such Man,
not vvec.

Gard. No, wilt thou obstinately stand in it,
Didst not thou lend him a disguise, imploy him
Mongst other laborers about thy worke,
And yet wilt thou deny thou art no Traytor.

Bon. Slaue, Villain, Dogge,
Haue we not heere the honest testimony
Of mine owne Parator, that saw him clothed
In thy apparell, and darest thou deny it,
Fagots, fagots, hence toth' stake with him.

Jen. Oh good my Lord, I shall never indure it,
I was wance but burnt ith hand, and I haue bin
The worke fort ever since, doe but heere me,
Prooue that I had any other apparell this seven yeares,
Then that you see vpon my backe, and burne me not,
But cut me into rashers, and broyle me for Carbonadoes.

Clu.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Clu. My Lords as I am *Clunie*, and your Parator,
This counterfeit simplicitude was he,
That twixt the houres of 12. and 1. at Noone,
Convayed the impious Traytor from our search,
By shifting him into his homely raggs.

Ien. Twixt 12. and 1. nere trust me, but at that very
time I and my fellow heere, (canst thou speake nothing for
thy selfe) were at dinner at mother *Puttocks*, with a piece
of a Tripe and a blacke-Pudding, by the same token there
was a candles end in't as long as my thumbe.

Bon. So, so, yar a cunning Knaue, but sirra, sirra,
This cannot serue your turne, you rescued him,
And that by'th law is held as Capitall,
As if thy selfe wert guilty of the crime.

Gard. His crime my Lord is it not manifest,
That hees a favourer of these Sismarikes,
And vvhat is that but flat rebellion.

Bon. Goe too, he must frye fort, he, shall I say the word,
Bonner that ere long will purge this land with bonfiers,
We come not with the Olive branch of Peace,
But with the sword of Iustice, these Hidraes heads will still
Be flourishing, vnlesse at once we giu't a fatall stroke,
Let them convert to ashes, let them burne,
So shall the State be quiet: how now, vvhat newes?
What haue you caught the *Dutches*.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Most strangely sir, she did escape my hands,
Besides at Billinsgate haue I kept narrow search,
Yet for my life could set no eye on her.

Bon. But vve haue all this vvhile taine a vvrong course,
Shall vve imagine being hunted thus:
She vvould commit the sauegard of her life
To common passage, where she was assur'd
There vvould be diligent waight laid for her:
No, shees more subtile, all the vvorld, my Lord,

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Shall not perswade, but shees in England still,
In Marget, Lee, or some such bordering towne.

Messen. And in good time I met a man of hers,
One *Fox*, my Lord, a fellow, as it seemes,
Disgrac't by her, that told me we were wide
In that we vent about.

Gard. Where met you him.

Messen. Comming from Algate.

Bonn. Would he not confesse
Which vway his Lady Mistrisse vvas escapt?

Mes. With much a doe my Lords, with threats and pro-
At last he told me he would bring (mises,
Where we might trace her, and intrap her too.

Bon. Why brought you not that fellow to our presence?
He shall haue dispensation how he will,
So he be trusty, and per forme his word.

Messen. He promis'd faithfully to meete me heere.

Bon. Well if he come, your eare. *They whisper.*

Enter Fox.

Fox. Now *Fox* devise to qualifie
Thy nature to thy name,
These be meere Caniballs
That take no pleasure but in sucking blood,
And though vnluckly it was thy chance,
To fall into their hands, yet be not thou
(How ever outward grievances may vrge)
A traytor to thy Lady; smooth with these,
That vnder collour to betray the *Dutches*,
She may haue safer liberty to passe.

Messen. See my Lords, hee's come.

Bon. Come hither sirra, you did serue the *Dutches*,
And tis no doubt but you can giue vs notice
Which vway shee's fled, stand not vpon nice rearmes
As fearing to incurre some deadly sinne,
But tell vs plainly which way she is gone.

Fox.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Fox. My Lords, I cannot readily discover
Which way shee's gone, by reason I haue bin
Long in disgrace, and quite dismiss the house,
But sure it is, she went disguis'd from hence,
And tis not possible but she must lurke,
Within some Haven towne neere to the coast.

Gard. What Towne, as thou imaginest?

Fox. My Lords I thinke toward Dover,
Or the Downes of Kent.

Bon. Nay thats not likely, soft, some
Newes I hope.

A horke.

Enter A Post.

Post. Health to this honorable presence,
I come to certifie your Lordships all,
That as we kept the Ports on Essex side,
Twas credibly reported, that the *Dutches*
With little or no trayne, is lodg'd in Lee,
And for she is disguis'd, and our Commission
Expir'd the date, we craue a fresh supply,
And some direction how to intercept her.

Bon. No better meanes then to renew our vvarrant,
And send this fellow with it that doth know her,
Into vvhhat shape so ere she be transform'd.
It shall be so, I thanke thee Purfyvant
For thy good newes, it glads me at the heart,
I shall at length be even with this proud *Dutches*,
At Lee in Essex, oh tis excellent:
But I will tell you how't shall be my Lord,
Fox shall not goe alone, *Clunie* and I
Will beare him companie, and vvithall, ha, ha,
I cannot choose but laugh to tell the rest,
As shee's disguis'd to hide her from my sight,
So vvill I be, to take her, in her sight,
Is it not good, is it not rare my Lord,
Nay is it not the best that ere you heard,
When subtilty by fraud shall be debar'd,

The Dutches of Suffolke.

I varrant you shee's ours *Clunie*. *Fox* come hither,
Provide you straight, *Fox* thou shalt goe vwith me,
Ha, vvilt thou not.

Fox. (A plague vpon you,) I must answer, I.
How ere my heart abhor this treachery,
My Lord I vvill.

Bon. Why now thou pleasest me,
And I will richly recompence thy paines,
But for we vvill not, our affaires at home,
In the meane time be slackt, or intermitted,
You my good Lords shall haue a speciall care
About it straight, *Fox*, *Clunie*, follow me,
This is to *Bonner* chiefe felicity.

Exeunt all but Fox, and Jenken.

Fox. Yes, I vvill follow,
Though not further ye,
I trust this is a meanes ordain'd of Heaven,
To bridle this bloodsuckers cruelty,
But how now, vvhat art thou.

Jenken. Marry sir an honest man and a Tiler, that vvvas
sent for hither to bee examined about wan *M. Sands*, and it
seemes for loy they haue to kno vvhere the *Dutches* is, they
haue forgotten me, what were I best to doe.

Fox. What else but get thee home vnto thy house,
Away be packing, since they haue forgot thee,
Doe not thou tarty to reuiue their memory.

Jen. Nay if I put them in mind on't, let me be chokt,
For want of drinke, since Ale thou art so luckie,
He take the tother pot while it is nappy.

Exit Jenken.

Finis Actus Secundus.

Actus

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Actus Tertius.

[Enter Dutches, Cranwell, Nurse, the Child,
Sands, Master Goseling
a Merchant.

Goseli. Most honourd Princes, thinke your selfe as safe;
In my protection at this towne of Lee,
As in the strongest hold you doe possesse.

Dut: Good M. Goseling now wee flie to you
Asto our harbor, in your hands it lies,
Either to comfort, or confound our liues?

Sands. We now are chased by many savage men,
That vvith blood-thirstinesse pursue our deaths,
Being yet vvithin the closure of their armes,
And desperate of all hope to you we flie.

Cranw. Cosen Goseling 'moungst a world of other men.
The providence of heaven chose out you,
Either to be made famous for true faith,
Or by disloyall dealing infamous,
Presuming on your perfect honesty,
I brought my noble mistresse, this graue Doctor,
This infant Lady, and present vs all,
To your safe conduct: o betray our liues,
Bonner will giue you gold, woe to that good
That bad men get, by selling guiltlesse blood,
If any such thought haue possesse your heart,
Make Marchandise of mine, let these escape,
For these are precious in the eyes of heaven,
Let them depart, leade me to *Bonner* first,
Happy my blood, to quench his raging thirst.

Gosel. Cosen I wonder, what desert of mine
Hath bred in you this bad opinion,
But I impute it rather to the zeale
You beare your Ladies safety, then the thought

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Of any treason you discern in me,
Madam my life, yet out of dangers gripe,
I thrust into your perill, witnesse heaven,
I take vpon me to conceale your flight,
And now I am as deepe in *Bonners* hate
As neere to danger, as the next to death,
Be confident in me, the zeale I beare,
To the sincere profelsion of the truth,
Is a sure guard for you to trust vpon.

Dut. The poorest Princes, only rich in faith,
Will pay you a large bounty of her praiers,
Remember then you call me Mistrisse *White*,
For by that name I past from Billings-gate,
Thence to Graues-end, and so from thence to Lee,
Where vnder your protection we remayne.

Sands. In every place we heere the Hue and Cry,
Pursue our fearefull flight, in every towne
We heare the voyce of persecution. *Noyse within.*

Cranw. And harke I heere the officers within
If we be knowne, we are but dead.

Gosel. Tush Mistrisse *White*,
That name shall giue free scope vnto your flight.

Enter Constable, and Officers.

Consta Good you, good even M. *Gosseling*,
Good you, good even.

Gosel. Welcome good M. *Constable*,
whats the newes with you

Consta Marry wee haue a warrant heere from the high
Commission, to seeke for a *Dutches*, and certaine other
People, that are in her company, as Doctor *Sands*, and one
Master *Cranwell*, her Gentleman-vsher, we are commanded
to search your house for such suspected Persons.

Gosel. See M. *Constable*, with me remaines
No more then these, it Mistris *White* my daughter,
Come with her Child, and Nurse to visit me,

With

The Dutches of Suffolke.

With this her husband, this her husbands father,
If you thinke her a Dutches, him a Doctor,
Then you may apprehend them at your pleasure,
If not, you had best to make a further search,
For I protest, no stranger more then these,
Harbors within my roofe.

Con. I take your word sir, and yet I wil not, I wil search
She a Dutches blesse her good Woman, (within.
Good Mistris *White* y^ear welcome to Lee, as I may say
We haue an honest neighbor of your Father,
Is this your Child, heaven blesse the little mopps,
Alack, alack, it is as like the Grand-fire
As ever it may looke, my pretty ducke.

Enter Fox.

Fox. Where's M. Constable, haue you made search,
In these suspitious houses.

Dut. Good heaven protect vs, now we are betraid,
This Villaine will, I feare, discover vs.

Fox. I know her, them, and all.

Dutch. Good M. *Goseling* stand to vs now,
Or we are betrayd.

Gosel. Get you into my house.

Fox. Stand there attend there M. Constable,
My M. Doctor *Bonner* in disguise,
Stayes at the gate, let me survey these parties.

Cranw. Thou knowest vs *Fox*, wee haue bin fellow ser-
Confer the yeeeres past, with the present times, (vants,
And it will make thy flinty heart relent.

Fox. I know thee not.

Cranw. O *Fox* she hath bin the most honord Mistris,
That ever servant serued. stay me,
And whilst their bloody hands are busied,
With ceising me, let her, and these escape. (was

Fox. Peace fellow, now no fellowes, thy Mistr. when she
In prosperity, turn'd me off, and therefore I will not know

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Her in extremity.

Cranw. Wilt thou not know her in extremity,
Vngratefull villaine.

Fox. No sir, I will not, I come to looke a *Dutches*,
Woman be gon, I know thee not, thou a Doct. thou a dunce,
Get thee gon, *Cranwell* I knew, he was my fellow servant,
Thee I know not, thou art a paultrey fellow,
Away *Goseling*, take in your geese,
Ship them at your pleasure, when the coast is cleere,
I my selfe will giue you a watch-word.

Sands. The fellow may meane well, let vs withdraw.

Dut. I now perceiue, I haue done his faith much wrong,
His heart has no relation to his tongue. *Exeunt.*

Fox. Away, whers the Constable.
Heeres neither *Cranwell*, *Sands*, *Dutches*, nor *Child*,
Goe call in my Lord *Bonner*.

Enter Bonner, and Clunie.

Bonn. Fox.

Fox. My Lord.

Bon. What hast thou found them *Fox*?

Fox. My Lord we had a wrong intelligence,
But thus you shall surprise them, passe they cannot
But by this way, now will we watch these passages,
For now the tide's at height, if they intend
To ship themselves, it must be presently,
Place your selfe heere, directly by this well,
By you *Clunie*, heere I meane to stand,
Guard that place well by me this shall be mand.

Bon. Stand by me *Clunie*, *Fox*, ile pay thee well,
If by thy meanes we catch these miscreants, (stand.
I will bee thy making *Fox*, M. Constable where will you

Fox. Let him keepe that way, that beares to landward,
That way, I am sure they will not take,
Goe make a strong watch there. (passage.

Con. I warrant you M. *Fox*, let vs alone to guard that
Clunie.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Clu. My Lord, you had best sit for your ease. *Exit Con.*

Bon. Oh I could watch houres, daies, nights, moneths, &
So I might see their hearts weepe bloody teares. (*yccres,*

Fox. Looke you stand sure Lord *Bonner*, for I hope,
Anon youie neede a bucket, and a rope.

*Enter Goseling, Dutches, Sands, Cranwell,
Nurse, and Childe.*

Gose. Keepe close together, lest you loose your trayne,
My barke is ready to receaue you straight,
That way you neede must take, Ile not be seene,
Heaven be your guide, with me you haue not bin. *Exit.*

Dutch. Good sir farewell, my prayers on you attend,
I will report you for a Princes friend.

Fox. Stand, trust me and keepe on,
What ere you see shrinke not, away begon,
My Lord they come, they come, away, away.

Bon. Helpe, helpe, for heavens sake helpe. *Exeunt they.*

Clu. My Lord is in the well.

Fox. A rope for Bishop *Bonner*, *Clunie* run,
Call helpe, a rope, or we are all vndone.

Clu. Ile to the watch for helpe.

Exit Clunie.

Bon. Helpe, helpe, good *Fox.*

Fox. Soft *Bonner*, not too fast
Heere is no comming out till they be past,
My armes too short my Lord, a rope is comming.

Enter Clunie, Constable, Watch, with Ropes.

Clu. Heere in this well, ropes, ropes my masters.

Fox. By this they are far enough,
Well done my Masters, lends your hands,
Draw Dun out of the ditch.

Draw, pull, he'pe all, so, so, well done. *They pull him out.*

Bon. Oh *Fox*, oh *Clunie*, oh my Masters all,
I am almost drown'd, oh lead me to some fire.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Oh *Fox*, what meanest thou to rush with such rude force.

Fox. What would you haue me doe, I saw them com-
And I had not the power to stay my selfe. (ring,

Enter Goseling.

Bon. And are they past.

Gose. What stand you trifeling here, what seeke you for?
If for the *Dutches*, if for Doctor *Sands*,
For *Cranwell*, and the rest, they in disguise,
Are got aboard a Ship, and with full sailes,
Flye from the Shore.

Bon. Thou telst me a sad tale,
Post *Fox*, run *Clunie*, hire a Parke with speede,
Goseling we were suspicious of thy faith,
But by this message, thou hast cleer'd thy selfe,
See *Goseling*, I am almost drownd.

Gos. I am sorry for your honor, that you scap't.

Bon. Tush we trifle time in their vaine pursute,
Thou shalt haue gold *Fox*; *Clunie*, thou reward,
Helpe me to fire good *Goseling*, *Fox* away,
We loose much expedition by thy stay.

Fox. Ile after them my Lord.

Bon. May all things prosper to thy hearts desire,
Come *Goseling*, prethee lead me to a fire. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Bertie, and Pericell a Walloone.

Bertie. And as I told you fir, with that excuse,
I grounded this my colorable passage,
And sent a ship, which staies for her at Lee,
Where by appointment she had promis'd meeting,
But She is so watcht, so guarded, and so bard,
Of her true servants presence and accessse,
That I despaire of her arrivall here.

Pere. Good M. *Bertie*, cheere your drooping thoughts,
We are Walloones, but in subiection,

And

The Dutches of Suffolke.

And strict obedience to the church of Rome,
Rewards and promises, are sent abroad,
To every forreine Prince, and Burgomaster,
To stay the *Dutches*, for the rumor runns,
She is escapt already from her house.

Enter Sands.

Ber. Tis very certaine M. *Pericell*,
Now shall we heare some newes,
Here's Doctor *Sands*.

Sands. Newes of the *Dutches*, that will please but ill,
I will forbear to speake of our escapes,
All which were wing'd, with fortune, and successe,
And tell you of one haplesse accident,
We all tooke Ship at Lee, but not together,
For I alone past in a Hollander,
No looner did the wind blow from the shore,
But rose a tempest, which disperst our ships,
And we might see the Barke wherein she went,
By violence of the waues forc'd backe againe,
Even to the havens mouth.

Ber. Even to deaths leane armes,
Thy tragicke newes, hath flaine me M. *Sands*,
We are as one, and what betide her person,
I feele in a true essence of her grieve.

Pere. In these excreames, tis good to hope the best.

Ber. Oh M. *Perecill*, the worst of ill,
Falls on her head, and can I hope the best,
Shees like a Lambe, trapt with a heard of Wolues,
A harneleffe Dove amongst a thousand Haukes,
If she return'd, what providence can saue,
A body doom'd already to the graue.

Enter Cranwell, Dutches Nurse, Child.

Sands. See M. *Bertie*, lift vp your sad eyes.

Dutch. *Bertie.*

Bertie. Madam.

Kisse.

Sands.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Sands. Oh see the meeting of two faithfull soules,
What a sweete vnion it doth make of hearts,
When one another naturall ioy imparts.

Dutch. Defer the story, of our dangers past,
To acquaint vs with some comfortable ayd.

Bert. Oh pardon me one minute gentle Madam,
If I delay your faire request a little,
To take my fellow servants by the hand,
Good M. *Cranwell*, the firme loyalty,
You beare your Mistrisse, in her great extreames,
Shall be recorded in a booke of Brasse.

Cranw. Alas I haue scanted of my duty much,
My liberall will's ioynd with vnable power,
With my true service I doe ioyne my life,
And owe them both, vnto your princely Wife.

Bert. You are a Mirror, *Nurse*, so art thou,
Thy noble carriage, thus I Kisse with ioy,
Alas poore Lady, thou, ere thou canst goe,
Art forst to leaue thy countrey, thy returne,
Will make them smile, that now are forst to mourne,
Thy infancy in Pilgrimage is spent,
Yet thy abode heereafter shall be Kent,
And be an honord Countesse of that name,
For so my true diuining spirits doe ayme.

Dutch. What Gentleman is that.

Bert. Tis a Walldone *Feris de Ryviers*, alias *Perecest*.

Dutch. May we repose with him?

Bert. Madam you may not,
Neither in this place may I challenge you,
For I am noted, and your comming hither,
Both promised, and expected by great men,
Who to surpise you, haue receiv'd reward,
All Ports are laid, all passages are stop't,
Search, and inquirie posts through every towne.

Pere. Madam tis true, nor would I haue you stay,
In Emden long, for you are laid for heere.

Dutch. What shall we then doe?

Sands.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Sands. Madam, lets to Santon;
Let M. Bertie stay with Pererech,
And meete vs there heereafter.

Dutch. Content, let it be so,
Never two lovers, Married to more woe,
Heere meete we, and heere part we, oh short pleasure,
Which fortune serues vs, in too small a measure.

Bert. My body is devided in the midst,
That way goes halfe my heart, and this way tother,
Necessity thy sterne deeds I beshrow,
That thy rude hand, giues vs the parting blow,
At Santon I will meete you Madam, heere *Exeunt Bertie,*
I dare not know you, so adue my deere. *Pererech.*

Dutch. Bertie farewell, to Santon bound we are,
With these companions, and our conduct care,
You people happy in a land of peace,
That ioy your consciences, with the worlds increase,
Looke with indifference into my sad life,
Heere my poore husband, dares not know his wife,
And I a Princes, to avoid like danger,
Must vse my owne deere husband, as a stranger,
Towards Santon we, through deserts, any way,
Though all should leaue me, I for griefe must stay.

Cranw. Madam, you see what strictnes, we are forced to.
Lets wing our feet, till we can get to Santon,

Sands. Madam, let me admire your constancy,
For heaven hath prov'd your patience every way,
Yet you are confident, and more your zeale to trie,
Yo'r forst your loyall husband to deny, *(faint,*

Cran. Then what pale trembling cowards heart would
To wade through danger with so pure a saint?

Enter 4. or 5. Theenes.

1. Thiefe. A bootie, stand, dispoyle them, downe with

Dutch. We are beset with theeues.

Sands. Sands, thou must flie,
For weaponles, thou canst no mastery try. *Exit Sands.*

F

Nurse.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Nurse. Theeues,theeues.

Exit Nurse, and Child.

1. Thiefe. Pursue them not, lets ceise on them that stay,

Fight, wound Cranwell.

Cranw. Slaues, you haue murderd me.

Thiefe. No matter, ceise on her, and rife both,

Ha, by my faith a gallant lusty wench,

Tis the best booty, that we met this moneth.

Dut. Oh my true servants death, doth grieu: me more,
Then all the sorrowes that I felt before.

They drawe her aside to rife her.

Enter Bertie.

Ber. I am iealous of the safety of my wife,
And to escape the better through the woods,
I haue cloath'd my selfe thus in an Out-lawes shape,
Oh, sight of ruth, my fellow *Cranwell* slaine:
My wife graspt in the armes of ravishers,
Then heaven instruct me with some present meanes,
That I may find some aid to rescue them,
I haue it, a booty, a booty, a braue booty:
But we want helpe, and ayd to compasse it,
Foure wealthy Merchants, are come downe this hill,
Some little ayd, and we shall share them all.

2. Thiefe. Some of you looke to see the Woman safe,
Ile helpe to take the booty.

3. Thiefe. And so will I.

1. Thiefe. One bird ith' hand's worth two ith' bush:
Ile take my present purchase. (them.)

2. Thiefe. Weele share a both sides, come conduct vs to

Bert. I will, stirre not from hence with her,
Till we returne.

Exeunt.

1. Thiefe. My life for yours, come, will you vncafe.

Dut. Doe not disrobe me of my clothes, as y'ar a man.

1. Thiefe. Tut, stand not vpon tearmes,
I loue to see a Woman naked.

Dutch. Defend me heaven.

Enter.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Enter Bertie.

Bert. Soho,ho, I haue lost a Iewell,
And left it heere behind,when I departed hence.

1. Theefe. What vawew.

Bert. More pretious then thy soule,and this it is,
Villaine,thinke not to scape,your mates are far enough.

1. Theefe. How Goodman rascall.

They fight, the Theefe falls.

Bert. Thus,Villaine,for the world,
I would not stayne my hands with thy base blood:
But rascall,I will bind you to the peace,
So now, let this ditch shelter you.

Binds him.

Dutch. My *Berty*? heaven be prais'd,
Though I am rob'd of all the wealth I haue,
I am rich enough,in my possesing thee,

Bert. Is M. *Cranwell* slaine?

Cranw. But sorely hurt,and I am neere to death.

Dutch. Bind vp your wounds, with this white hanker-
Bertie, I am sovs'd to misery, (cher,
That it seemes nothing,wheres the *Nurse* and Child?

Bert. Oh crosse on crosse,lets looke about the woods.

Dutch. My *Susan* lost,I will not stir one foot,
But to the Villaines be a second prey,
Vnlesse I find her.

Cranw. Lend me your hand deere sir,get I once vp,
Ile spend the remnant of my blood thats left,
In search of my young Mistrisse.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Nurse, and Child.

Nurse. Oh whither shall I flie,to saue my life,
From the rude hands of these fell ravishers?
My haplesse Lady,and her husband both,
By this,haue felt the cruell stroake of death,
Or which is worse,are captiue led away,
And to the Vulters gripes become a prey,

Noise within

so ho,ho Nurse.

Oh

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Oh harke, I heare them comming, hence begone,
Hard is thy hap, that must be left alone,
Deere babe forgiue me, I am forc'd for life, *Leane Child.*
To ease my carriage, leaue thee to their strife. *Exit.*

Enter Bertie, and Dutches looking.

On forwards Madam, this way they are gone,
Heaven be propitions, direct vs in our search.

Dutch. Amen, amen.

*Enter Cranwell staggering, and falls neere the
Bush where the Child is.*

Cranw. Oh I am lost, sinke body to the earth,
Ascend my soule, mongst Saints receaue new birth.

Dutch. Helpe Bertie, helpe, tis Cranwell faints, oh helpe.

Bert. Speake to me man, looke vp, some wound belike
Is yet vnstopt, from whence proceeds this large effasion,
Its heere, lead me some linnen, so, so, he comes againe,
And see heavens boanty, he at once hath given,
Your Servant, and your Child: looke Madam, see,
Throwne in a bush, and smiles, and laughs at yee.

Dutch. Having my Husband, Child, and this my servant,
I am the richest Princes on the earth,
But Bertie, where's the Nurse, and Docter Sands.

Bert. Both fled, but wherefore Madam looke you pale.

Dutch. Oh Bertie, I doe feele the time approach
Of my delivery, oh for helpe of Women.

Bert. What shall we doe, I am beyond my selfe.

Dutch. Cranwell, what towne is this that stands before.

Cran. Madam, they call it Wezill. *It snowes, and*

Dutch. Goe, begon, *raines, thunders.*

Thy lookes pleads for a cunning Surgeon,
We shall not neede, thy helpe, thy wound is deepe,
But stay you Bertie, you the Child must keepe.

Cra. Madam, this storme, the cold, and my deep wounds,
May well excuse me, till my hurts are drest.

Dutch:

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Dutch. Be gon I say.

Bert. How fare you Madam.

Dutch. Sicke I am, heaven knowes;
Ready to die, with these my pinching throwes;
It raines, and hailes, and snowes, and blowes at once;
Where *Berty*, may we hide vs from this storme.

Bert. Here in this Church-porch, Madam pray remoue,

Dutch. Helpe, and leade me thither, now lay the Child
Goe gather sticks, to helpe to make a fire, (downe *Berty*.
More plagues my finnes doe merit yeere by yeere,
But these, good heavens, are more then I can beare.

Bert. Alas, alas, this is a homely place,
To bring a Princeesse of such state to bed,
A wide Church-porch, is made her bed-chamber,
And the cold stones her couch, here are no curtaines,
But the bleke Windes, could Clouds and stormes of hayle,
And they begirt her round, heaven for thy mercy,
This poore distressed Princes shield and saue,
Whose cold head lies vpon some dead mans graue,
Heere comes the Sexton, I will speake to him,
It may be, he may helpe vs to releife.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Gods sacrament vat maukt ye dare.

Bert. Patience good sir.

Sex. Vat bedlers in den kerke, loopt hence strax.

Bert. Vncivell fellow, what thou speakest, I know not,
But thy ill meaning by thy deeds, I guesse:
Take that to teach thee more civility.

Exit Cry-

Sex. Out skellum one hundred towfan diuel. *ing helpe.*

Bert. Still fortune is against vs, this base fellow
Will raise some tumult to betray our liues,
Yet yonder comes a man of gravity, *Enter Erasmus,*
It may be he can speake the Latine tongue, *& others.*
In that Ile let him vnderstand my griefe:

Optime & ornatissime vir, audi quaso.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Eras. Quis es qui tot clamoribus, & tanta exclamacione,
Non modo Divinum Cenatorij locum irreverenter &
Orrose occupas, at urbem tam claram civesq; & Senatores,
Propter etates suas adoratissimas tam flatuose disturbas.

Dutch. Si cum fronte tam generosa cor tuum humanum con-
Videtur, infortunij nostri miserere. sentire

Era. Erasmus Roterodamus propter misérias vestras toto corde
Dolet, colo perfectiones & virtutes, quas intimo meo animo
Complectar, multi pendo.

Bert. Is this Erasmus borne in Rotterdam,
He that so highly lou'd Sir Thomas More?

Eras. Portate hanc ad domum Francisci de Ryvers alias
Sic domino dominaq; Erasmus Roterodamus omnibus (Perecell
Officijs est observantissimus.

They beare her off in a
Chayre. Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertij.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Bertie.

Bert. Within this towne hath Perecell a house,
There, by the credit of this learned man,
We haue got harbor till the moneth expire,
In which her heavy burthen may be eas'd,
Good heaven looke downe vpon her misery,
Comfort her in her griefe, strengthen her weakenesse,
Lay not our woes to wretched Bonners charge,
Free her sweete heaven, by thy Almighty hand,
That we may once revisite our owne land.

Enter Cranwell.

Cranw. Now cheere your selfe deere sir, here is a time,
To breath a space, this towne's a quiet port,

From

The Dutches of Suffolke.

From the tempestuous gusts of *Bonnors* hate.

Bart. Some refuge I confesse, but the distressed *Dutches*,
In Child-bed torment is a fresh alarm
Of new sprung care, I cannot be at quiet,
Vntill her safe deliury be past.

Cran. Doubt not of that, the powerfull hand of heaven,
In such extremities is ever strong.

Bert. Good heaven, when I recount the miseries
We haue already past, me thinkes the lottery
Of cruell Fortune, should be quite exhaust,
And yet when I record the name of *Bonner*,
With his desire to become great by blood,
The greater part of woe seemes still behind.

Cran. Doubtlesse hees of a most pernicious spirit,
But he that hath restrain'd his envious rage,
And hitherto repulst him, still will curbe him.

Bert. I trust he will, *Cranwell* I prethee step,
And listen from the women what good newes.

Enter Perecell, and Sands.

Pere. Pray saue that labour, we can bring the newes.

Bert. Welcome good Doctor *Sands*,
What; in good health?

Sands. Sir, thanks to heaven, who never leaues his owne
Nor suffers them to perish in distresse.

Bert. How fares the *Dutches*,
Gentle host resolute me.

Pere. Happy and well, cheere your declining thoughts,
Well that her perillous conflict hath an end,
And happy that to comfort her withall,
Theres borne this day a young Lord *Willobie*.

Bert. A Boy.

Pere. A goodly Boy M. *Bertie*.
And one in whom already doth appeare,
These signes of Courage, to revenge your wrongs.

Bertie.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Ber. Good heaven I thanke thee,
This your newes deere friend,
Is as a summons after death to life, the preservation
Of his mother in travell, was wonderous strange,
The place where he is borne is strange,
The loving hands, that did first entertayne
His presence to this pilgrimage of life,
Are likewise strange, then as his birth hath bin,
So shall his name, wee call him *Peregrine*.

Sands. A stranger to his Countrey by that name,
But by his deeds hercafter time may prooue,
None more adventured for his Countreys loue.

A Drum beats a soft March.

Ber. As it please his starres, but soft,
What Drum is this, some galle I feare,
To intermix our sweete,
Some sorrow to confound this sudden ioy.

Pere. Your servant *Fox* did vow to bring you word,
If any hurt were secretly pretended.

Ber. Is *Fox* arived, vpon what cause,
Is *Fox* arived, vpon what cause
Is he past over, doe you know gentle fir.

Enter Fox.

Pere. Himselfe make answer for himselfe.

Fox. Sir, be not you dismayd, in breife these drums,
And those that after these sad Musicke daunce,
Are none that wish you, nor the *Dutches* good,
A Captayne sent from England, and the bloodhound *Clunie*,
With them the Duke of Brunswicke, clad in armes,
And at the least, ten Ensignes after him,
These how ere they vizard their intents,
With other colour, as to vex the Emperour,
Yet their whole purpose, is to looke for you,
The gates, and walls, are every way beset,

And

The Dutches of Suffolke.

And through the Towne, a privy search begun,
And but you presently devise some meanes,
To scape from hence, theyle take you in your lodging.

Bertie. Escape, theres now no time to talke of scape,
No, no, the secret providence of heaven,
Hath so ordain'd, we should be *Bonnors* thrall,
And welcome wished death, the end of all.

Sands. My mind presageth of a better speed,
What M. *Bertie*, why not now escape,
As well as heeretofore.

Bertie. How can that be,
The painefull *Dutches*, lying now in Child-bed.

Sands. Is there no art, no meanes to blind their eyes.

Fox. You are so many of you, tis impossible,
Besides the *Dutches*, she cannot remoone.

Bert. Oh, were she safe, I car'd not for my life.

Sands. Nor I for mine.

Fox. Nor I, had I ten thousand lives,

Pere. Cease you your passions, my braine hath tutord
And in a cunning plot shall set you free. (me,

Ber. Doe that, and *Bertie* is for ever thine.

Fox. *Fox*, and his sword, for that will be thy slaue.

CRAW. Thy friendship will I beare vnto my graue.

San. What thou attempt'st,
My prayers shall helpe to second.

Pere. I neither doe expect thanks, nor reward,
But what I doe is of meere charity,
Then list vnto me, there's a friend of mine,
A Countrey Gentleman, not far from hence,
Whose brother late returned from the warres,
And falling sicke, within the Citty heere,
Dyed some few dayes since, now this Gentleman,
Because his brother shall be buried,
Amongst his Ancestors, decrees this night,
To haue his body in a Wagon brought,
Home to the Parish Church, where he remaines,

The Dutches of Suffolke.

And for that purpose, hath his servants sent,
To see it safe conveyd : A waggon like to theirs,
Covered with blacke, shall be provided straight,
Into the which, by helpe of Womens hands,
The *Dutches*, and her Infant shall be lifted,
You, and the rest disguis'd in mourning weeds,
Shall follow after as the guard,
And in the dead Mans name without suspect,
Passe by the Souldiers, who if they chance,
To question who you are,
The Burgers being by, and made acquainted,
With such a herce, that is to passe that way,
Will quickly answer them, without more search,
How like you this.

Bert. It will I hope proue currant.

Sands. The pretext is fit, and for the *Dutches* sake.

Fox. *Fox* has no more sence then a batle-doore,
If in his iudgement, we already be not
Delivered from the mischief of their hands.

Pere. Come Ile provide you all things necessary,
And after pray for your successe therein,

Fox. Ile backe to them, and helpe you what I can.

Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Brunswick, L. Paget, Portgrauce,
Clunie, and Souldiers.*

Paget. Great Duke of Brunswick, this your flexible,
And curteous disposition of your troopes,
To be for Englands service, shall receaue
The due belongeth to so great a merit.

Brunsw. Noble Captaine, I were much to be condemned,
If I neglect my duty to the Church,
But are you sure, these fugitiues are heere?

Pag. *Clunie*, thou touldst me, that thou sawest a man
Of theirs, since we beset the towne, wast true?

Clu. Yes noble Captaine, *Cranwell* the *Dutches* vsher,

And

The Dutches of Suffolke.

And there's no question, but the rest are heere,

Bru. Well then Captaine, the other Ports being garded,
Heere with this company wee keepe our station,
Where is the *Portgrane*? haue you sent abroad,
Sufficient search amongst the private houses?

Port. We haue my Lord.

Brunf. They cannot be in Weasell,
But either comming forth, or lurking heere,
They must in all sorts be discovered by vs.

Cap. Oh they are politick, and passing subtile,
And if or art, or policie, can helpe them,
There's in their company, an Instrument,
Can plot a hundred waies for their escape.

Brun. Let them expresse their cunning, if they can,
And scape our hands, now we haue sented them.

Enter Fox.

Fox. How now my Lord, oh I am out of breath,
In comming to you, yet I hope my hast,
Is little for your purpose, they are comming,
Stand on your guard, for this way they must passe,
Ther's *Bertie*, *Cranwell*, *Sands*, with them the *Dutches*,

Cap. Twas well done *Fox*, there's thy reward, stand close,
Or, now, or never, let vs shew our care, stand, who goes
(there?)

*Enter foure, bearing a Hearce, Bertie,
Sands, Cranwell, Mourners.*

Brunf. Some funerall it seemes.

Cap. It may be some device procured by them,
So to escape the danger of our watch, stand.

Port. I can assure your Lordship, tis not so,
This is the body of young *Vandermaft*,
Whose brother dwelling some foure leagnes from hence,
Although he died heere, yet will haue him buried,
Whereas his Ancestors are all intomb'd,
And for that cause, hath sent his servants for him.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Brunf. Is it no otherwise.

Berty. No mighty Prince,
And would to heaven it had not bin so now.

Cap. Passe then, passe, it is not you we looke for.

Exeunt they.

Brunf. What was this *Vandermaß*, a Cittizen?

Port. No my good Lord, he was a Souldier,
A proper Gentleman, and one had served
The Emperour, and others in their warres,
Yet was ordain'd, to end his dayes at home.

Enter second Funerall.

Brunf. A thing no more then vsuall, but how now,
Whats here, an other funerall? nay then
It is a hazzard, we are all deluded.

Cap. My thoughts began to prophecie as much,
Speake, are not you the parties that even now
Came this way, with a mourning funerall.

1. Mour. Not we my Lord, this is the first appearance,
We made this evening.

Brunf. What haue you there conceal'd.

1. Mour. Nothing my Lord, but a dead body Coffin'd,
The brother of our M. late deceast.

Port. I, this is *Vandermaß*, the other past,
Vpon my life, was *Barty*, and the *Dutches*.

Cap. They were vnwilling to looke vp me thought.

Brunf. And he that spake, spake with a fained voice.

Fox. Twas they, twas they, oh, I could teare my haire,
To thinke we were so grossely overseene.

Cap. I said as much, come let vs follow them,
Send horsemen out, to every quarter straight,
My Lord of Brunswick.

Brunf. You need not bid me ride,
This oversight, hath clapt wings to my thoughts.

Exeunt all but Fox.

Fox.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Fox. Now for some pretty policy againe,
To lead them forth the way, vntill the *Dutches*,
May reach Polonia, and deserue the prize,
Fox play thy part, some stratagem devise.

Exit Fox.

Enter Bonner, and Gardner.

Bonn. Wher sits the winde, no newes from Germany?
If those malicious fugitiues be rayne,
Our officers I feare, neglect their charge,
Our Captaine deales but coldly with the States.

Gard. I dreamt my Lord, that *Bertie* and the *Dutches*,
Were both advanc't vpon a regall throne,
And had their temples wreath'd with glittering gold.

Bon. That throne doe I interpret, is the stage
Of horrid death, those wreathes of Gold, bright flames,
That shall not onely circle in their browes,
But wind about their bodies, till they waste,
And be converted to a heape of ashes,
Me thinks this worke of ours, goes slowly forward,
The ayre of England freezeth for defect
Of burning Meteors, to keepe it warme.

Gard. See yet my Lord, there hath of late bin sacrific'd,
In sundry places, many persons, of severall qualities,
Whose names were tedious to relate.

Bon. Tut this is nothing, every towne should blaze,
And every streete, in every towne looke red,
With glowing finders of the Miscreants:
Till like to Cockle, they were quite extinct,
And nothing seene to flourish but pure Corne:
The morning spends apace, where are these knaues,
Appointed to bring Fagots for the fire,
Wherein bold *Latimer*, and *Ridley* must expire.

Enter two With Fagots.

Gard. They come my Lord.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Bonner. Fye on you loytering knaues,
Why make you not more hast, be gon, I say,
And see the stake, and every thing be ready,
See how I am still procrastinated,
The Maior of Oxford, meanes to dyne I thinke;
Before he bring the Prisoners to the stake,
How now? where are they?

Enter Sherife.

Sherife. Hard at hand my Lord,
But the weake age of *Latimer* is such,
They cannot come so fast, as else they would,
Besides some disputations as they passe,
Had with the Schollers, hath detayn'd their speede.

Bon. He haue no disputations, bring them on.

Enter Latimer, and Ridley, with Halberds.

Ridley. Come brother *Latimer*, lend me your arme,
The weake, the weake, but not the blind, the blind,
This day in Oxford, shall be seene to guide.

Lati. My heart is iocund, brother *Ridley*, still,
And in my Spirit, I fliue vnto yon place,
But these weake withered lapins, are too blame,
These legs of mine, that hauing now at least,
Full fourescore and eight winters done me service,
Should now deceaue me, trust me, but my soule is
Linct in charity, with all the world,
I could be well content, to chide with them.

Bon. These are those selfe iustifying Publicans,
Away with them, conduct them to the fire.

Gard. Come, come, spend no time in talke,
Will you convert, be sorie for your crime,
And you shall yet finde favor with the Queene.

Bon. Fye, fye, spit at them, offer them no mercy.

Ridley.

The Dutcher of Suffolke.

Ridley. Proceed in scorne, so was our Master vs'd,
The servants are not better then their Lord.

Bonn. Drag them away there, hence, away I say.

Cranm. Stay, stay. *Cranmer within.*

Bon. What voyce is that.

Gard. Some one thats prisoner in Bocardo heere,

Enter Cranmer.

Cranm. Oh stay my Lords, whom leads you thereto
The reverent fathers, *Ridley*, and *Latimer*? (death?

Bon. I *Cranmer*, but more fauor rests for thee,
Because thou art converted from thine errors.

Cranm. Did you not tell me, they were likewise changed,
And haue you falsly circumvented me?

Oh heaven, forgive my trayterous revolte,

And you the chosen vessels of his loue,

Deere *Latimer*, sweete *Ridley* pardon me,

To make a mopp, He come and dye with you.

Lati As your revolt, graue *Cranmer*, was our grieve,
So to heare these repentant gracefull words,

Infuse our hearts with ioy, beyond compare.

Bon. Will *Cranmer* then turne, and returne againe.

Cranm. To turne to vertue neuer comes to late.

Bon. Thy recantation vnderneath thy hand,
Is publisht, and wilt thou now contradict it.

Cranm. *Bonner*, to cut off needlesse circumstance,
Let this declare my resolution,

This hand that writ that faithlesse recantation,

Since I am bard, from dying with my friends,

Marke how I punish in this lingring flame,

It shall burne off, as an assured signe,

Heereafter of my constant Martyrdome,

No scandall shall be left by my default,

Open you heavens, and entertaine my willing sacrifice,

Yet this is but an earnest of that loue,

Heereafter

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Heereafter shall in greater measure shine.

Bon. Iaylor pull downe that scismatick,
Lodge him within the dungeon, loade his ioynts
With Iron fetters, let him fast from meate,
And haue no comfort, but continuall checks, dispatch, I say.

Cramm. Farewell religious mates,
What earth doth separate, I hope ere long,
Shall meet in heaven, spight of proud *Bombers* tongue.

Rid. Farewell kind brother, nere decline no more,
But follow vs, as we haue gone before.

Lary. What stay we for, my quiet thoughts desire,
To cloth this flesh, in purple robes of fire.

Bon. You shall not neede to vrge our expedition,
Leade them away, their Tragedy once ended,
We will prepare attentiu eares to heare,
Newes of the *Dutches* landing prisoner.

Exeunt.

*Enter Dutches, and Bertie, with
their Children.*

Dutches. Yet we haue scapt the danger of our foes,
And I that whilom was exceeding weake,
Through my hard travell in this infants birth,
Am now growne strong vpon necessity,
How forwards are we towards Windam Castle.

Bert. Iust halfe our way, but we haue lost our friends,
Through the hot pursut: of our enemies.

Dutch. We are not vtterly devoyd of friends,
Behold the young Lord *Willowby* smiles on vs,
And tis great helpe, to haue a Lord our Friend.

Bert. Good heaven I pray once sorte to happy end,
This dangerous Pilgrimage, heere vndertooke,
Sit on this banke a while, and rest our limbes,
Wearied with travaile, as our minds with care.

Sits downe.

Enter

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Enter Fox, Clunie, Captaine, and Soldiers.

Clu. You are a Captaine of the Palsegranes band,
These are the other recreants, ceaze them both,
The hundred Crownes propos'd, are surely yours,
I know him valiant, and therefore I will clyme
Vp in this tree, to see, and not be seene,
Pray lends a hand, whil'st you surprise them,
I will laughing stand. *Climbs up the tree.*

Fox, If I fit you not, ere you come downe,
Say *Fox* is a Goose.

2. Cap. Sir I attach you as an enemy
Vnto the Palsegraue, in whose land you are,
You and your Trull, obey it ye were best,
Or in resistance hazzard both your liues.

Ber. Attach me sir, I know no reason why,
Nor to my knowledge am an enemy,
Vnto the Palsegraue, or the meanest man
Within his confines, we are Travellers,
And will immediatly forsake the land.

2. Cap. You are a Launce knight, this your Concubine,
And these your Bastards, that by rapine liue,
And thus disguis'd you come to vndermine,
Our Countries government, then yeeld your selues.

Dutch. Though misery hath stamp't vpon our brow
The marke of poverty, yet gentle stranger,
Doe not so far forget all manlinesse,
To be a slanderer of the Innocent.

2. Cap. Terme me a slanderer.

Ber. And a Villaine too, if thou maintayne these defa-
Term me a Thiefe, my wife a Concubine, (mations,
My Children base borne; by a souldiers faith,
Wert thou the greatest spirit the Palsegraue hath,
I cannot brooke this slavish insolence,
That I am angry, witnesse this reply,
I will defend mine honour though I dye.

Strikes him.

2. Cap.

H

The Dutches of Suffolke.

2. *Cap.* Villaines I charge you all inviron him,
Dutch. So many to one silly passenger,
Then farewell woman weakenes, welcome sword,
For once Ile play the man, to saue my Lord.

*They
fight.*

She fights, beates them off.

Clu. Why this is excellent, now I hope to liue
To see them apprehended or else slayne.

Fox. These hopes Ile crosse, by cutting downe the branch
Whereon he buildsthis weake foundation. *cuts the branch*

Clu. Oh I shall fall, helpe me good *M. Fox.*

Fox. I, wherefore *Clunie*, to betray my Lady?
So hatefull *Bonner*, dived into the well,
So fall this damned Parator to hell,
And now Ile helpe my Mistris to my power,

Fox, come out a your hole, and take your Cozens part
Or Ile pull you out by the eares. *cry within.*

Helpe, helpe, our Capitaines gathered, raise the towne.

Fox. The Capitaine slaine, then *Fox* tis best to flie,
And lest some sad mitchance should second them,
I will convey these Children to the Wood,
That borders neere at hand, oh heaven I pray, *Exit With*
Make this disasterous time a happy day. *children.*

Cry within. Helpe, helpe, our Capraynes slayne.

Clu. I must downe, blesse my necke and care not.

Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.

Clu. Oh, my guts, a vengeance on this *Fox.*

Cry within. This way, this way follow. *Exit
creeping.*

Enter Berty, and Dutches.

Dut. What cries are these, oh hast thou slaine the *Cap.*

Bert. If he be slaine, require not heaven his blood,
Of miserable *Berty.*

Within. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Dut. A second volley of heart wounding words,
Oh flye my loue, flye, flye, and saue thy life,

Before

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Before the towne be rais'd, shift for your selfe,
If you be taken, theres no way but death.

Within. Heere, heere, this way.

Dut. Why stir you not, our foes are hard at hand.

Bert. I am so amaz'd I know not where to goe,
Ile take this way.

Dut. Rather deere Loue take this.

Bert. That way they come.

Dutch. What shall we doe,
Behold a Ladder rais'd against this house,
In happy time, mount vp and saue your life,
I will defend the bottome with my sword,
And though heaven knowes I am orelaid with woe,
Ile rather dye then see your overthrow.

Bert. But I shall leaue thee to thine enemies.

Dutch. Shift for your owne life, take no care for mine,
For heavens sake quickly, you delay the time.

Bert. Feare lend me wings, but oh my griefs so great,
It waies me downe, and I must needs retreat.

Cry within. Come away, come away, ho! come away.

Dutch, They are at hand, oh good my loue mount vp.

Gets vp the Ladder.

Enter Burgomaster, with Souldiers.

Soul. See where they are that made the fray.

Burg. You fellow, that run vp the Ladder,
Downe, downe, or Ile pull you downe in a ropes name.

Dut. He is my husband, and a Gentleman,
And Ile defend him from your tyranie.

Burg. A Woman fight.

Dut. Such are my fortunes now,
Therefore keepe off, who ventures on this way,
Treadeth a path that leadeth to his death. (arm'd?)

Bert. My friends what seeke you, wherefore come you

Bur. You haue slaine a Captaine of the *Palsgraues* band,

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Wounded his souldiers, and besides we heare,
You are a Lanceknight, this your Concubine,
And come disguis'd to vndermine the State,
In whose defence these men haue arm'd themselves.

Bert. You seeme a Burgomaster, by your habit,
And they that mis-inform'd you were too blame,
Know gentle sir, I am an Englishman,
And on some speciall busines bound this way,
Toward Windam-Castle, till we were disturb'd,
By the oppression of the man that's slayne.

Burg. I wreake not friend of what estate you are,
Nor to what end you trauaile through these parts,
You haue slaine a man, and you must answer it,
According to the law of Nations.

Soul. Downe with him, he shall answer it with death.

Burg. Peace there, I charge you, in the Princes name.

Bert. It seemes these men are thirsty for my blood,
And without law are set to take my life,
Then it were madnesse for a man to yeeld,
To abide a triall, and the iudgement past:
Since I must dye, Ile chooise the death my selfe,
And thats to stand on a defensue guard,
Except you sweare as you'r a Christian,
A Magistrate, and one that will doe right,
That I shall haue due processe of the Law
And be defended from the multitude.

Dutch. Doe not, I pray, indanger so your life,
But trust vnto the shelter you haue got.

Burg. A sorry fortresse to defend his life.

Bert. But will you take that oath.

Burg. By heaven I doe, and I will see it kept inviolate.

Bert. Then worke the worst of fate, if right beare sway,
He cannot speed amisse that do s no wrong,
Oh, innocence is bold, free, liberall,
Fearelesse of any danger, that may fall,
I yield me sir, a Prisoner to the law,

Justice

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Iustice is blind gaze not vpon our persons,
Although our birth be neare so meane or base,
But fixe the eye of indgement on our case.

Bur. So, bind their hands, & lead them to the statehouse,
They shall haue iustice done immediately,

Dutch. Oh stay a while, I haue lost my little babes,
What savadge hand hath tane my children hence,
Whil't we were busied in this lucklesse brawle.

Bert. My Children borne away! oh then I feare,
It is some treason to abridge our liues,
And that the Captaine, that did wrong vs thus,
Did it to that intent.

Dutch. Tis so, till now we nere were truly miserable,
Our other miseries were sunneshine dayes,
Compar'd vnto the greatnesse of this storme,
Oh suffer me good sir, to seeke them out,
For without them, I am but halfe my selfe.

Burg. A strict enquiry shall be made forthwith,
In every place that borders heere abouts,
Greene not too much, though such are poore mens treasure,
What needy thiefe to steale them would take pleasure.

Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Burgomaster, Bertie, Dutches, followed
by Souldiers: other side, Palsegrane,
Erbaigh, and Lords attendants.*

Pals Right welcome's *Erbaigh*, to the Poland king,
Nich'as Van-bone, our worthy Burgomaster,
What meanes this concourse of so many men,
And what are they that you lead bound with you.

H 3.

Burg.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Burg. Strangers, an please your excellencie my Lord,
That haue committed murder in your realme,
Slaine *Wisendrop* a Captaine of your band,
For which offence, our purpose is to lead them,
vnto the State-house to receiue their iudgement.

Erba. If I mistake not, I should know that face,
Oh tis the vertuous Lady *Katherine*,
This *M. Berty*, her espoused husband,
And has your good starrs in your Pilgrimage,
Brought you amongst you Friends?

Pals. The Lady *Katherine*, what the Suffolks *Dutches*,
My quondam Loue, haild through the streets with cords,
And for the murther of a man that liues,
Oh tis vncivill vsage, my good Lady,
Yar villaines all vnto our Soueraigntie,
How dare you thus abuse her royall birth.

Burg. Pardon my Lord, we did not know her state.

Pals. Her heavenly face, then which theres none more
In England, or the World, (faire,
Might without other witnesse of her state,
Suffice to tell you, she was nobly borne,
This is that *Dutches*, mirror of this age,
Shee whom the lordly Bishops of the Realme,
Bonner, and *Gardner*, persecute so much,
Pardon me Madam, that I haue so long,
Suffered your excellencie to stay in bonds.

Dutche. This your acknowledgment, most mighty king,
Amazeth me, considering my distresse,
For tis a common custome in the world,
To take no notice of the miserable.

Pals. I stand amaz'd at this strange accident,
The circumstance whereof wee heare elsewhere,
Meane time thrice welcome to the Polands king,
And much it greeues me that so great a Princes,
Should be so basely handled in my land.

Enter

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Enter Sands, and Cranwell.

Sand. Oh helpe deere Lord, and shield vs from our foes,
We are pursued by *Brunswicke*, and his Captaines,
Who seeke our liues, we flie to your protection.

Pals. Whence are you friends.

Dutch. The truest friends we haue,
Of England mighty Prince, I know them both,
The first is Doctor *Sands*, a worthy man,
The other *Cranwell*, and my Secretary.

*Enter Brunswicke, English Captaines,
and Souldiers.*

Brunf. My Lord of *Erbaigh*, and the king of Poland,
Shield not those traytors, both to heaven and men,
From the due punishment of their offence,
Behold an Englishman, & a Commander of a good esteeme,
Has his commission signed to apprehend,
This *Sands*, and *Cranwell*, fled to you for helpe,
Ther as you tender the priuiledge of Princes,
Ore their subiects
Suffer this writ to haue his current heere,
As I haue done through all my territoris.

Bert. It ill becomes the noble duke of *Brunswicke*,
To be a persecutor of goodmen.

Dutch Or you good Captaine, agent in this cause.

1. Cap. Thats recreant *Berty*, and the Suffolks *Dutches*,
They likewise are included in this scroule.

Brunf. My Lord of Poland, we demand them all,
Then yee'd them royall sir, vnto our hands.

Pals. First will I sacrifice ten thousand liues,
Ere suffer these religious soules to dye,
My Lord of *Brunswicke*, you are over bould,
To make so rash an entrance in my land,
Without our speciall licence granted first.

Brunf.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Brunf. The league betwixt vs warrants my approach.

Pals. The League, for this time, is your priueledge,
But as you dread the *Palsgranes* puissance
And feare to violate our wrighten loue,
Immediately vntred your forward steps,
For sake the soyle where you haue set your foote,
Or looke to be withstood with fire and sword,
These Lambes are fled into our foulds for ayd,
And weele defend them, say what may be sayd.

Brunf. This disobedience drawes vpon your land,
Deserued malediction from the Church.

Pals. That weele dispence withall, and to let you know,
How we doe flight those stingleffe menaces,
Heere I create this noble Gentleman,
Earle of Crozam, an Earledome vnder vs,
Religious Docter *Sands*, our Chapleine,
And *M. Cranwell* our chiefe Secretary,
So tell Lord *Bonner*, *Gardner*, and the rest.

Enter Atkinson.

Atkin. Health and long life vnto the King of Poland,
Captaine, from Englands queen, I thus salute you,
Heere is a countermand for your Commission,
By which you are inioyned to stay the search,
After the *Suffolke Dutches*, and her friends.

Cap. To stay the search? is our dread Soueraigne,
Altered in her Religion, or is she dead :-

Atkin. Shee's dead good sir, Queene *Mary* is deceast,
And the most vertuous Lady *Elizabeth*,
Invested in the regall dignity,
My Soueraigne hearing, that the Lady *Katherine*,
The *Suffolke Dutches*, her allie in blood,
Did liue obscurely in these Provinces,
In want, in misery, and great distresse,
Sends to repeale both her, and all her friends,

The Dutches of Suffolke.

If such a Lady harbor in your land,
I doe intreate her highnesse Proclamation,
May haue his currant course through every towne.

Pals. In you decre fir the Proclamation ends,
Heere is the *Dutches*, here are all her friends.

Dutch. I kindly thanke you, for your worthy paines,
Hath the director of all humane liues,
Preserv'd my Sovereaigne, that heroicke Maide,
From the intangling snares of blood and death,
And chang'd her prison, to a royall Throne?
Heere on this ground, where first I heard the newes,
I render thanks vnto the gracious heavens,
Thou that send'st Balme of comfort to the wounded,
Ioy to the brused heart, oppress'd for truth,
Lengthen her dayes as long as heaven hath starres,
Or this faire frame foundation for a world,
Or if it be thy gracious prouidence,
For to remooue her to a happier place,
Let in her stead arise, and from her ashes come,
A Phenix may enlighten Christendome,
Oh, had I now my Children lately lost,
I should suruiue as I had neere bin crost.

Enter Fox, and Children.

Fox. That comfort Madam on my bended knee,
Your seruanc *Fox* humbly presents your grace.

Dutch. My *Peregrine*, my *Susan*, then for care
To make a mixture with this too much Ioy,
Or I shall surfet with the raretie.

Enter Clunie.

Clu. Iustice my Lord, Iustice, *Fox* hath broke my necke.

Pals. How comes it *Fox*, that he exclaimes on thee?

Fox. Marry andt please your Maiestie, twas thus,
This villanous rascal, followed to surprize my Lady,
And being afraid to venter himselfe, set on one of
Palsgranes Captaines to doe it, whilst he climb'd

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Vp into a tree and stood laughing, now sit, I cut the bow,
And he fell downe, and if you haue not broake your necke,
I would you had.

Pals. If this be true, he has bought his pleasure deere,
Sirra begon, this justice I allow,
For his derision then, deride him now.

Clu. All things goes backward for our good,
Madam farewell, your punishment is past,
Now let your mind to punish vs at last.

Dutch. Revenge shall be a stranger in my heart,
The tortures Ile inflict vpon my foes,
Is kindnesse, for vnkindnesse, grace for death,
For what's prosperity but a puffe of breath,
My Lord of Brunswick, pray let vs be friends.

Brw. Withall my heart, since every heart befriends you.

Pals. It joyes me that your torrowes heere take end,
Wilt please you Madam, heere to stay with vs
Or goe for England, if you so resolue,
Ile see you furnish't with a noble fleet.

Dutch. To England with full sailes, blow gentle wind,
I long to see my Soveraigne noble mayd,
Princes I humbly thanke you for these honors,
Done to your handmaide, far vnworthie them,
But time shall testifie my thankfulnessse,
Be smooth rough sea, that I may passe amaine,
To doe my duty to my Soveraigne.

Exeunt.

*Enter Bonner, With officers after him,
two Men, and a Woman.*

1. Downe with him, giue vs leaue to be revenged on him.

2. For all the tyranny that he hath vs'd

Bon. What haue I done, you should revile me thus?

3. What hast thou done to deserue our hate?

Bon. Defend me Officers, shall I without Law,
Be trod to death by the rude Multitude.

Offs. Keepe off my Masters,
Tis her highnesse pleasure,

He

The Dutches of Suffolke.

He shall not be convicted but by Law.

3. And whether goes he.

1. Off. To the Marshalsea.

All. We will not leaue him, till we see him in.

Enter Keeper, Grindall, Cox, and Scory.

Off. This is the Prison, heere the Keeper comes,
And with him Master Grindall, Scory, Cox,
Such reverent men, as Bonner, by your meanes,
These many yeeres haue suffered much distresse.

Keep. But now they are deliver'd, and their place,
Bonner, you must an other while supply,
So saies the strict Commission I haue heere.

Grind. Trust me, I glory not to see his fall.

Story. Beleeue me, nor doe I.

Cox. Though wee know, had not our Keeper bin more
Then you were M. Bonner, we might here, (kind to vs.
Haue starv'd for want of meat, but heaven forgue you,
We doe with all our hearts.

Scory. And we will labour too, so much as in vs lies,
Vnto the Councell, you may be favorably
Dealt withall, so fare you well. *Exeunt.*

Bon. Farewell, this course inconstant fortune keepes,
While wan one laughes, an other alwayes weeps. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Hunsdon, Admirall, and Clinton.

1. Such measure as to others he hath met,
The same let him receiue, good M. Keeper.

2. Remember Lollards-to-ver.

3. Let his best diet be but from the basket,
Nay, bread and water, is too good for him,
His fat Shroue-tuesday sides may well endure,
A hungry Lent or two, and never hurt him.

Offic. Heere I de'liuer vp my charge.

Keep. And I receiue him,
Come M. Bonner, you must goe with me

Bon. Stay I haue bethought me, Ile recant.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Keep. It cannot serue your turne.

3. Recant, he hath already twice or thrice done so.

2. Tut, he can turne with every weathercock,
Away with him.

Keep. Come sir, will you goe.

Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Lord Hunsedon, Admirall and Clinton,
with stanes, Gentlemen attendants.*

Admi. Who wast that said the *Dutches* came through
Hunsf. Twas the Lord *Clinton.* (Southwark.

Clin. I left her Grace now at S. Georges Church,
Accompanied with M. *Richard Berty,*
With Doctor *Sands, Cranwell,* and trustie *Fox,*
And diuerse other Gentlemen attendants.

Admi. Here at the Martial sea weele stay her comming,
And harke, her trumpets sounds her neere approach,
Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, I pray you all
By that deere loue you owe her maiestie,
To be officious in the entertayne,
Of this renowned Lady *Katherine.*

*Enter in state, the Dutches, Berty, Sands,
Cranwell, and Fox.*

Cry within. Heavens preserue your grace,
Your releefe to poore Prisoners.

Dutch. What Prison call you this?

Cran. The kings-bench Madam, where all these prisoners,
Are detayn'd for debt.

Dutch. If they be able to make satisfaction, & will not,
They are worthy to lye there,
But if by crueltie of Creditors,
Tis Christian charity to succour such.

Sands. I haue heard that some lie there in policy,
And haue ingroft into their greedy hands,
The goods of diuers thrifty minded men,
And though well able, yet they will not pay.

Dutch. Great pittie that such men escape unpunisht,

But

The Dutches of Suffolke.

But are they in the number that doe beg.

Sands. No Madam, they are laid on beds of Downe,
Fare daintely, and never tast of want,
Except it be the want of Liberty,
And that's no want, because they haue large walkes,
As yards, and gardens, and faire bouling-allics,
With company at will to spend the time.

Dutch. To them we wish a better Conscience,
But to the poore, and such as want indeed,
One of you giue amongst them 40. Angels,
My troubles make me sensible of theirs:
Distresse is sharply set, and bites too sore,
To be indur'd by such as are true poore,
So forwards Gentlemen.

Fox. Roome for the Lords.

Admi. Thrice welcome is the noble Suffolks *Dutches*,
To vs, and to her royall maiestie,
In whose high fauour, you are highly plac'd.

Clin. In signe whereof her princely Maiestie,
Restores you to your ancient Siegnories,
Intitles you, as due to you by title,
Barroness of Willowby, and Earsbie,
Dutches Dowager of Suffolke,
Her highnesse neereft and most deereft subiect.

Hansd. Your goods, and lands extracted violently,
Her Maiestie restores to you againe,
Heere's the true inventory of them all,
As they were ceis'd into the Bishops hands.

Admi. And that you may build on her Princely loue,
It is her pleasure, M. *Richard Berty*,
The husband of your troubles and your cares,
Should be chiefe Secrerary to the State,
Till higher titles doe advance his worth.

Bert. An honor my good Lord Admirall,
That I esteeme, and yet desire it not,
O be it not offensive to her Grace,
That I haue leaue to leade a private life,

The Dutches of Suffolke.

After my painefull travell in strange Lands.

Adm. Enioy your minds contentment with your mind.

Hun. You, Doctor *Sands*, her highnesse, and the Clergie,
Doe consecrate Archbishop of Yorke.

Sands. An honor far exceeding my desert.

Clint. Master *Cranwell* Gentleman vs^r to her grace,
Her highnesse will retayne in selfe same place,
To attend her Maiestie, (ie&s

Cranw. Withall my heart, I humblie tender a true sub-
Yet might it please her royall Maiestie,
Since I haue serv'd my Lady in distresse,
Indur'd so many troubles for her sake
That I may liue, and dye in serving her.

Clint. A vertuous inclination, hold it still,
It will renowne thee more then to be great.

Dutch. My Lord of *Hunsdon*, *Clinton*, *Effingham*,
I humbly thanke her Maiestie, and you,
Oh may I liue to expresse a loving heart,
By some good action pleasing to you all.

Enter Prisoner With a Boxe.

Pri. Madam be good vnto a company of poore Prisoners.

Dutch. What other Prison *Cranwell* call you this.

Cranw. This is the Prison of the Marshalsea,
Chiefely pretended for her Highnesse household,
But there are divers other prisoners. *Enter Goseling.*

Dutch. Tis charity to helpe distressed men,
Of what estate so ere, cause they be men,
I leaue their faults felp^e& vnto the Law,
Giue them as much as the other Prisoners,
But what is he that with a downecast looke,
Giues signes of discontentment.

Gos. Madam I am a Prisoner heere,
But ioy to see your Grace at liberty.

Dutch. That face and voyce, I oft haue seene and heard,
Did not you sometime make abode in Lee. (Goseling.

Gos. Madam I did, and those that knew mee cald mee
Dutch.

The Dutches of Suffolke.

Dutch. Then I am sure, you knew one Mistris *White*,
This is the man that helpt me to escape,
When we were neere beset with *Bonnors* traynes.

Cranw. It is my kinsman Madam, now I know him,
What cause hath brought thee to this hard distresse.

Gos. The cause even now aleaged.

Dutch. Hath *Bonner* bin so cruell to my friend,
Before mine eyelids weare the seale of sleepe,
If heaven be pleas'd I will release thee *Goseling*.
And pay thy charges to the vtmost farthing,
Oh my deere friend, it never shall be said
I was vngratefull, where I was befriended,
And now his troubles make me call to mind,
The faithfull dealing of my servant *Fox*,
See Lords, a man whom I dismiss my service,
More through selfe-will, then any iust offence,
Yet hath he quitted that disgrace so well,
That I admire the strangeness of his art,
For *Bonner* vs'd him as a speciall meanes,
To seeke my life, which oftentimes he sav'd,
Paying my great vnkindnesse, with kind loue,
Many such servants may this land afford,
That vse their wits to such good purposes,
Heere as a part of thy deserv'd reward,
I freely giue thee a hundred pounds a yeere,
And when I dye my land shall make it good.

Fox. And when *Fox* failes you, let him dye in a ditch.

Dutch. Gramercies gentle servant, now my Lords,
Lets bend our pace towards famous London-Bridge,
How pleasing is the prospect of the City,
Now I haue bin five yeares a stranger heere,
Thorow the same to White-hall to her grace,
That I may see my loving Soveraignes face.